Timothy Touchstone's REPLY TO Sir ANONYMUS,

At Mr. *Christian*'s Lodging, at the Sign of the *Naked Devil*, between HAMDEN and DANBY-Houſes.

I Know you beſtow the Title of Knighthood on me, in expectation it may rebound to your ſelf, and 'tis granted; but aſſured be, that many a better *Chriſtian* ——— is forc'd to go without it.

Sir *Bartholomew*, al. *Anonymus*, welcom from thy Rooſt.

Did I not think you had been imployed in *Bartholomew-Fair*, for the ſetting up of Booths, Sheds, *&c.* I ſhould have juſtly taxed you with lazineſs, neglect, or ſome other worſe faculty; but conſidering that, and the putting on your Fools Cloathing for the firſt week, to encourage the Rabble to behold your Antick poſtures, is ſufficient to excuſe: wherefore I ſhall only tell you, how much I admire *T.* E. of *D.* ſhould infringe ſo much on his wit, to commit a matter of ſuch apparent ponderous conſequence, to thy ſilly Vindication; for as your ſtile repreſents you, you muſt certainly be a more fit perſon to be the Fool of ſome Droll, *&c.* then to write Pamphlets, unleſs you could make your Compound more agreeable, and keep cloſer to the Matter you ſo impertinently pretend to Anſwer, which there's no Baby in the whole Fair but muſt needs have writ more to the purpoſe, then you have done in any part of yours: And as you ſay you are in love with my Stile, really I ſhould have been much more ſo with yours, could you but have wrote in either of thoſe damn'd ſerious Stiles as Mr. *Papiſt* or *John Presbyter* in this Age do.

But look you (ſaid I, Sir *Anon.*) can reaſon come from that which has no ſenſe? or can any Puppy be ſo impertinent to take upon him to anſwer a truth in vindication of the E. of *D.* who does not deſire nor deſerve it, and that with a Scandalous Paper, wherein is not to be found one Syllable, which holds up to the ſubject you ſo fain would treat on; wherefore how can you imagine any Reader to take you for more then this Paragraph explains you to be, or ſome private Centinel, in one of the Regiments of Players, Pimps, Whores, *&c.* which yours makes mention of: But really the ſaddeſt part of the Story is the ſuddain transformation you make of harmleſs Naked Truth; what is Truth become ſo terrible a ſcare-crow that you can term it no better then a Naked Devil? Nay, then I find 'twas poor Innocent Truth frighted

frighted you from the due consideration of my Paper, and has exposed you to such remarkable notches of Study, that it will be more credible to lay down the Pen, then to persist in such practices. Poor *Anon.* indeed I find thou wast put to a hard plunge, after a Months converse with my Paper, to patch up a penny worth of News. For

1. We are to believe thee a man of an Estate.
2. Something of a *Christian* —— by your treating on St. *Pauls* Rules.
3. A well-wisher to the success of the Press, which rather, then fail, you are willing to lug your self in too.

But in Truth *Anon.* I am much of your mind, that you hate both Court and Courtiers too, for it plainly appears by your *Northern* Brethren setting on foot the Covenant in *Scotland*, and your daily rebellious Stories in *Coffee-houses* (the very Cabinets of Rebellions and Factions) what you would be at, and how discontented are the whole gang of your Rump Friends, they cannot publickly pray for the good of a Common weal, and sow Perdition to your contentment at your Factious Assemblies, where a poor Illiterate Coxcomb, who lurks the whole Week besides in holes gathering of Venome, stands on the *7th.* day up to the knees laden with the ambition of Preaching Monarchy headlong down, in *Diogenes Doctrine*; and this is the course you would take to lug in by head and shoulders *John Presbyter*, but the better to assist it would have the helping hand of *T. E. D.*

But (say I, and touch you to the quick) that will not do, nor make any thing so plain for his Lordship, as might have done the five pair of double Barreld Pistols, if not discovered, for in Naked Truth my former Author *John the Brewer* is ready to Swear, and plainly to make out against the *Stamford* Evidence, and that hireling *Kirkby*, all the tricks played at the Lodgings between *Hamden* and *Danby* houses, Sir *Edmundberry Godfrey* having that very day on which he was missing, at Eleven a Clock, passed through my Lady *Anne Cooks* Chamber, as Mr. *Christian* himself allows of; and in fine, that *Christian* at Two of the Clock in the Afternoon that day took Water from *Whitehall* Stairs with him; but as he says, and I believe, carried him to the *Naked Devil* indeed to be Murdered: Therefore do you think to make people believe *Christian* could be at that time at *Stamford*? what a Cunning Arch Rogue is this *John the Brewer*, nay and very positive too, for he knows much of the E. of *D.* concerns, and will perhaps prove by sound Circumstances that Sir *E. B. G.* was Murthered by the hand of *Christian* —— or at least by his consent.

Now Sir *Anonymus*, take my advice, lay down your Pen, Fish not in troubled Waters, meddle not with Scepters or Crowns, or the weighty Government of Nations, go not about either to introduce, or expel; pester not thy pate with State-affairs, but take off your *Protestant Mask*, and in Naked Truth appear with *John Presbyters* worm-eaten Face, otherwise you may be look'd upon by thy Fraternity as a Deserter, and so be thrust out to look some better way to Heaven: deal like an honest, moral, good and loyal Subject; pray for thy King and Country, with such a zeal as would more become thee, then the saying (*Honour the King*) which is to convert the Train you now belong to: put your helping hand to the Plough, and come about to me, then may you with honest *John the Brewer*, rejoyce and turn your formal tone *Honour the King*, to *Let the King live*; for to Honour a King amongst you is accounted a terrible yoke, and to my certain knowledge, you and all other *Presbyters* would use your utmost endeavours to overthrow the same. This is the opinion of honest

T. T.